

## FOREVER.

Every golden beam of light  
Leaves a shadow to the sight;  
Every dewdrop on the rose  
To the ocean's bosom goes.  
Every star that ever shone  
Somewhere has a shadow thrown.  
All that lives goes on forever,  
Forever and forever.

Every link in friendship's chain  
Forged another link again;  
Every throb that love has cost,  
Made a heaven and was not lost.  
Every look and every tone  
Has a seed in memory sown.  
All that lives goes on forever,  
Forever and forever.

Never yet a spoken word  
But in echo it was heard;  
Never was a living thought  
But some magic it has wrought.  
And no deed was ever done  
That has died from under sun.  
All that lives goes on forever,  
Forever and forever.

So, O soul, there's no farewell  
Where souls come together dwell;  
Have no fears, O beating heart!  
There is no such word as part.  
Hands that meet and closely clasp  
Shall forever feel the grasp.  
All that lives goes on forever,  
Forever and forever.

—Annette Kohn, in N. Y. Independent.

THE STURGIS WAGER  
A DETECTIVE STORY.

By EDGAR MORETTE.  
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## CHAPTER XI.—CONTINUED.

"In the meantime," continued Sturgis, "X, to whom I have already alluded, was waiting in Exchange place, where Chatham had a cab. Upon hearing the pistol shot he went to the accountant's assistance. He passed into this office, which he probably reached in time to see Chatham rush in from the secretary's room, closely followed by Arbogast. 'X' seized that chair over there in the corner and sprang between the hunted man and his pursuer. As the latter raised his arm to fire, our anonymous friend is probably a man of great strength; for with one blow of the chair he broke the bookkeeper's wrist. The hammer fell, but the weapon was deflected and the bullet, instead of reaching its intended victim, passed through the upper lobe of Arbogast's left lung and out at the back at an angle of about 60 degrees. The bookkeeper was standing not far from the mantelpiece yonder. Do you see that broad black line on the hearth? That was made by the bullet. Its direction and the angle enabled me at once to see that it must have ricocheted into the fireplace; and there, sure enough, I found it in the soot in the bend of the chimney. Here it is."

Dunlap had listened to this narrative with evident interest. But now, recovering from the spell of Sturgis' persuasive conviction, his skepticism regained the ascendancy for a moment.

"Mr. Sturgis, you have missed your vocation," he said, laughing good naturedly; "you ought to have been a playwright. You have a most convincing way of presenting both your facts and your theories. While you are speaking, one is ready to admit the plausibility of every statement you make. But now that you have finished, I have become a hard-headed banker once more, and I beg to submit one or two facts—since we are seeking facts—which it seems to me are enough to demolish all your elaborate structure."

"Go on," said Sturgis; "it goes without saying that any theory is worth-



HE BROKE THE BOOKKEEPER'S WRIST WITH ONE BLOW.

less unless it takes into account and explains every existing fact. If there are any in this case which have escaped me—a contingency which is quite possible, for I have no pretension to infallibility—I shall be glad to hear about them; and, naturally, if my conclusions do not tally with the facts, the conclusions must be altered, since facts are absolute."

"Well, then," said Dunlap, "assuming, for the sake of the argument, that these various marks which you have called trails were made by the feet of three different people; admitting even that one of these individuals was Arbogast, who often stays here after banking hours, I do not see that you have established by any satisfactory evidence your assumption that the other so-called trails are those of Chatham and a stranger. For aught I know to the contrary, they may have been made by some of the bank employees in the discharge of their regular duties. Chatham's coat may have caught on a nail in the telephone closet last week, while he was here in his legitimate capacity of expert accountant. The change of the combination of the

safe may be the result of an error; for we have no direct proof whatever that Arbogast is a defaulter. And, then, when it comes to your interesting description of the alleged shooting of Arbogast, it strikes me that you are entirely carried away by your enthusiasm; for, in your minute description of the path of the bullet, at a certain angle, of which you seem to know the measure almost to the fraction of a second, you overlook several important things. Two shots were fired yesterday in or near the Knickerbocker bank. In, say you, because here is a revolver with two empty cartridge shells; here is a black mark, which may have been produced by the ricochet of a bullet, and here is a shapeless piece of lead, which may be that bullet. As, however, one bullet cannot account for two shots, you are forced at once to assume that Chatham has carried away the second one in the palm of his hand. This is ingenious, very ingenious, but—

"His blood is on the telephone receiver," observed Sturgis, quietly. "Blood!" exclaimed Dunlap; "why, with the carnage that you have imagined here, there should be oceans of blood. Here is a man, running around with a wounded hand, who leaves a few drops of blood on the telephone receiver, and nowhere else. And here is another man, shot through the lungs—excuse me, through the upper lobe of the left lung—who does not bleed at all. And where is he now? Such a wound as you have given him must, I take it, be fatal, or, at any rate, serious. Yet here is a dead or, at least, a dying man, calmly walking off as if—as if the curtain had fallen at the end of your drama, and the corpse had hurried off to his dressing-room."

"You have forgotten something else," suggested the reporter, smiling. Dunlap looked at him questioningly. "Yes; you have forgotten the pistol replaced in the drawer after Arbogast was shot, and the doors of the bank carefully locked."

"True, no, my dear sir; your elaborate theory will not bear an instant's calm examination."

"And yet," rejoined Sturgis, "my conclusions, as far as they go, are absolutely correct. Every objection which you raise is plausible enough when considered by itself; but we have not to deal with a lot of isolated facts, but with a series of connected events, each of which depends upon and supports all the others. Let me finish my story, and I think you will then be prepared to admit that what seems to you now a flight of fancy on my part, is nothing but a sober exposition of plain, unvarnished facts."

Dunlap, with a deprecating gesture, settled back into his chair once more.

"We left Arbogast shot through the left lung—fatally wounded, as you have just remarked. He probably fell like a log; while Chatham, weak from shock, leaned against the door jamb yonder. He had probably stanching his wound with his free hand as he ran; I have been unable to find any trace of blood between the telephone and this spot. On the door jamb, however, the blood left a stain which has not been completely wiped out and which enabled me to judge of Chatham's height. 'X' was the only one of the trio who knew what he was about at this time. I have a genuine admiration for 'X'; he must be a man of marvelous nerve. Instead of flying panic-stricken from the scene, as any ordinary criminal would have done, he calmly proceeded to protect his retreat and to systematically cover his trail. His first step was to lock the Wall street gate and the inside door. Quinlan had doubtless pulled the outer door to as he ran away, so that 'X' probably thought this also locked. He then, with Chatham's assistance, helped Arbogast, who was not yet dead, and who perhaps by this time, had regained consciousness, into the cab which was waiting near by in Exchange place, where I found the blood-stains on the curb, as you will remember. After starting off his two accomplices in the cab, he returned to the bank, put away the pistol in its proper place, which, by the way, he seems to have known, and washed up all or nearly all the blood stains. There is a sponge and bucket under the sink in the clerks' room, which were used in this operation. After, as he thought, completely obliterating all traces of the tragedy, he quietly walked off by the Exchange place entrance, locked the door and threw away the key. All this, while Policeman Flynn was chasing Quinlan. You will note that 'X,' knowing nothing of the Quinlan episode, was quite justified in believing that the shots had failed to attract any attention outside of the bank. Very likely he was disturbed by the return of the policeman and Quinlan; I cannot otherwise account for his having left the gas burning. Had he had the time, I feel confident that, with his customary thoroughness, he would have turned it out. As to my minute description of Arbogast's wounds, there is nothing remarkable in that. I know that the weapon used by 'X' was a wonder chair, because I found particles of the bookkeeper's epidermis upon one of the legs, which was considerably lessened by the blow. But I know exactly what the wounds were, because I have examined them. I told you that I had seen Arbogast yesterday."

"What!" exclaimed Dunlap; "you mean after he was wounded?" "Yes," replied Sturgis; "his body is at the morgue now. You might call there this afternoon to identify it, if you choose; but, everything considered, it might be as well not to make the identification public until we are well on the track of Chatham and our friend 'X.'"

## CHAPTER XII.

THE BOOKKEEPER'S CONFESSION.  
Late that same evening Sturgis returned to his lodgings, after a busy day

spent in working upon the Knickerbocker bank case. He was tired and he was perplexed; for, with all his unflagging energy, his quick intelligence and his plodding perseverance, he had come to a standstill in his investigation. The Evening Tempest had appeared with no further mention of the Quinlan case, and with only a perfunctory report of the cab mystery, no attempt having been made to connect the two, for Sturgis would not consent to publish his evidence until he was sure of complete success in his undertaking.

As he approached the house the reporter saw a light in his window, and inferred that a visitor was awaiting his coming. It was Mr. Dunlap, who, pale and careworn, was striding nervously back and forth in the room, with his hands behind his back and his head bent forward upon his breast.

"Ah, there you are at last!" exclaimed the banker, eagerly; "I have been waiting for you for over an hour."

"Has something new turned up?" asked Sturgis.

"Yes; read that."

At the same time Dunlap handed the reporter a letter.

"Let me tell you about it first. After leaving you this morning I went to the



SHE WAS LABORING UNDER A STRONG EMOTION.

morgue and saw the body. You were right; it is Arbogast's. I had been only half convinced by your evidence; but I now saw that you were probably right in all your other inductions, and I became anxious to learn something definite concerning the amount of Arbogast's defalcation. As I could not reach the books for some time, I called upon Mrs. Arbogast, thinking I might be able to learn something from her. You had not been to see her, had you?" "No," answered Sturgis, gravely, "I did not think it likely she knew as much about this matter as we do, and I shrank from the ordeal of revealing to her the fact of her husband's crime and tragic death. I wished, at any rate, to exhaust all other means of obtaining information before resorting to this one."

"Of course, of course," said Dunlap, somewhat impatiently; "the woman is naturally to be pitied; but I could not allow any sentimental consideration to stand in the way of the discharge of my duty to our depositors."

"What did you learn from her?" asked the reporter.

"When I reached the house the maid told me that Mrs. Arbogast had spent the previous evening at her sister's house in the country and had not yet come back. I was about to leave, intending to return later in the evening, when the lady herself arrived. Upon learning who I was she seemed somewhat surprised, but invited me in. As we passed into the parlor the maid handed her mistress a letter, stating that it had come by the morning's mail. Mrs. Arbogast glanced at the envelope, but did not open it. At my first cautious questions she seemed to be very much surprised. Arbogast had announced to her by telegram the previous day that he would be obliged to go out of town for a few days on business. He allowed her to infer that he would soon return, and that his business was connected with the affairs of the bank. She could not understand how it happened that I knew nothing of this trip. 'But,' said she, 'I have just received a letter from him, which will doubtless explain matters.' She evidently knew nothing of her husband's peccadillo. Thereupon she opened the envelope and took out this letter. I observed her closely. At the first words I saw her cheeks blanch and a look of agony pass over her features as she instinctively pressed her hand to her heart. I knew then that the letter contained some important revelation, and I became anxious to obtain possession of it. When she had done, I could see that she was laboring under a strong emotion; but she controlled herself, replaced the letter in its envelope and said, merely: 'This does not tell me my husband's whereabouts; but I shall doubtless have further news of him in the course of a few days.' I saw that she was attempting to shield him in the supposition that he was still alive. I therefore broke the news of his death to her as gently as I could. The first shock seemed to utterly unnerve her; but after awhile she became somewhat calmer. 'After all, it is better so,' she said, at last. Then she handed me this letter. There was no further reason for withholding it. Read it now."

"It is postmarked at the general post office at five o'clock," said Sturgis; "it was therefore mailed before or during Chatham's visit to the bank. It may have been mailed by Arbogast before the scrubbing was done, or perhaps by the chorewoman when she left the bank."

The reporter drew the letter from its envelope and read:

"The Knickerbocker Bank,  
New York, Dec. 31, 1899.

"My Darling Wife: When you receive this letter I shall be far away—a disgraced

criminal—and you will be worse than a widow."

"I dare not ask your forgiveness for the trouble I am bringing upon you; for I realize all too clearly the extent of the wrong I have done you. But I feel irresistibly impelled to lay before you in all their nakedness, as I do before my own conscience, the circumstances which have led to my downfall. A knowledge of these may perhaps enable you to understand, in a measure, the temptation to which I have succumbed; although I find it hard myself, now that all is over, to realize how I came to yield to it."

"Perhaps you may remember the celebration of my fiftieth anniversary. We were having a most enjoyable evening in the company of the friends whom you had invited to participate in the festivities, when a caller was announced. I was obliged to leave our guests in order to receive him in the library. This man lost no time in stating the nature of his business with me. His name was Thomas Chatham; he was an expert accountant, who had been employed at the Knickerbocker bank to examine the books, and he coolly informed me that he had just discovered a serious error in my books—one that had enabled a depositor to overdraw his account by a large amount. At first I refused to believe him, although he submitted copies from the books showing exactly how the blunder had been made. When he intimated that it only rested with me whether the error should be reported to the bank, I indignantly refused to listen to him. He remained perfectly unruffled during our interview and left me at last with the statement that he would wait 24 hours before handing in his report to the president."

"My first step on reaching the bank the next day was to verify Chatham's statements. Alas! they were only too true. There was the terrible blunder staring me in the face. I could not understand how I had come to make it; but there it was, and nothing could explain it away. I had hoped against hope up to this time; now I saw clearly that I was a ruined man."

"There was only one honorable course open to me—to frankly confess my responsibility for the blunder and take the consequences, whatever they might be. I hesitated, and I was lost."

"I hesitated because I felt that my position was at stake. Would not my error appear inexcusable to the officers of the bank, since I could find no palliation for it in my own eyes? I was 50 years old. I shrank from the necessity of beginning again at the foot of the ladder which I had so laboriously climbed after a lifetime of conscientious plodding. It would be no easy matter for me to find another position."

"The more I thought the matter over, the more I became convinced that there might be another way out of my trouble. Was it not probable that the depositor who had profited by my mistake had done so innocently? If so, would he not be willing to repay the amount overdrawn? At the worst, if he should refuse to do this, might it not be possible for me to scrape together and borrow enough to make good the deficiency? In this way I could correct the blunder and no one would be the wiser for it. But what of that man Chatham? Would not his report betray me? I recalled his intimation that the nature of his report depended upon myself. Probably he would set a price upon his silence. This would add considerably to the amount I should have to raise; but would not this be better, after all, than the loss of my position? At any rate, I should not be any the worse off for listening to his proposal, whatever it might be."

[To Be Continued.]

## POLITE TO A CUSTOMER.

The Obliging Hibernian Clerk Gave Him Precisely What He Asked For.

Apropos of the ready comprehension and native wit attributed to the sons of Erin, Patrick's compliance with the customer's wish stands out in bold apposition, says the Chicago Post. Patrick was a clerk in a suburban grocery store. It was a busy season and the grocer was waiting upon two or three customers at the same time. He was in a hurry, and everything had to be where he could get it without much trouble or he would be delayed and probably lose money, so when he found that the pound weight was gone he was bothered.

"Patrick," he called out, "where's the pound weight?" "The pound weight, is it?" said Patrick, complacently. "Sure, an' it's Mither Jones has the pound weight."

"Mr. Jones has it? What do you mean by saying that Mr. Jones has the pound weight? I thought the pound weight stayed in the store. How did Mr. Jones get it?"

"An' shure, didn't yez tell me to be perlitte to the regular customers?"

"Of course."

"Well, thin, Mither Jones comes into the store for a pound of tay. An', says he, when I asked him what quality of tay he wud have: 'Whattiver yez give me,' says he, 'give me the weight.' So I put the pound weight in the package with the tay, perlitte like, an' it's himself that's gone with it."

## Character Reading.

"Do you know anything about the lady who just moved into the house across the street?"

"Well," answered Miss Cayenne, "her husband goes to the races every day and to the theater every night."

"But I was speaking of his wife."

"Yes. I was just about to remark that she must be one of the best natured and most economical of women."

## Wants the Real Thing.

Jack—Old Newriche is terribly worried about that pretty daughter of his. Tom—What's the matter? Does she want to marry some foreign nobleman? Jack—No; that's just the trouble. She is engaged to one of these American chappies, and the old gentleman says he is rich enough to afford the real thing, and doesn't want any cheap imitations.—Town Topics.

## Feminine Electioneering.

"I thought you said you never again would elect her president of your club," he suggested, after she had told him all about the result of the club election.

"Well, we didn't intend to," she replied, "but when she broke down and cried we just couldn't help it."—Chicago Post.

## Awakened.

"I understand it's all over between Jack and May."

"Yes; they're married."—Philadelphia North American.

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EASTBOUND.		No. 1.	No. 5.	No. 3.
Lv Louisville		7:45am	4:00pm	7:45pm
Ar Shelbyville		8:10am	4:32pm	8:05pm
Ar La renee		8:50am	4:52pm	8:25pm
Ar Lexington		10:10am	5:12pm	8:45pm
		10:45am	7:15pm	10:30pm
WESTBOUND.		No. 6.	No. 2.	No. 4.
Lv Lexington		7:30am	4:35pm	8:15am
Ar Versailles		7:55am	4:52pm	8:35am
Ar La renee		8:20am	5:13pm	8:55am
Ar Shelbyville		8:40am	5:15pm	9:15pm
Ar Louisville		10:40am	6:15pm	9:35pm
EASTBOUND.		WESTBOUND.		
No. 13.	No. 11.	STATIONS.	No. 12.	No. 14.
4:00pm	7:45am	Lv Louisville	Ar	7:40pm
6:25pm	9:00am	Lv Larnegburg	Ar	8:10am
7:15pm	10:00am	Ar Harrodsburg	Ar	8:40pm
7:25pm	10:55am	Ar Burgin	Ar	7:10pm
EASTBOUND.		WESTBOUND.		
No. 15.	No. 67.	STATIONS.	No. 16.	No. 68.
4:00pm	7:45am	Lv Louisville	Ar	10:40am
6:25pm	9:10am	Lv Shelbyville	Ar	9:10am
7:15pm	10:40am	Lv Versailles	Ar	8:05pm
7:25pm	11:00am	Ar Midway	Ar	8:40pm
7:40pm	11:50am	Ar Georgetown	Ar	3:10pm
EASTBOUND.		WESTBOUND.		
No. 7.	No. 5.	STATIONS.	No. 6.	No. 2.
7:45am	4:00pm	Lv Louisville	Ar	7:40pm
10:25am	6:40pm	Lv Versailles	Ar	8:02pm
11:02am	7:35pm	Ar Nicholasville	Ar	8:55pm
11:58pm	8:30pm	Ar Richmond	Ar	9:30pm
1:05pm	9:30pm	Ar Irvine	Ar	1:55pm
EASTBOUND.		No. 1.	No. 3.	
Lv Louisville.		7:45am	7:45pm	
Ar Lexington		10:45am	10:30pm	
Ar Knoxville		7:00pm	7:45am	
Ar Asheville		5:10am	1:10pm	
Ar Savannah		5:10am	5:15am	
Ar Jacksonville		5:10am	5:15pm	
Lv Chattanooga		6:05pm	6:25am	
Ar Atlanta		10:25pm	11:50am	
Ar Macon		12:55pm	2:25pm	
Ar Jacksonville		8:30am	10:00pm	
Lv Chattanooga		6:10pm	6:45am	
Ar Birmingham		10:05pm	11:45am	
Ar Meridian		2:30am	9:30pm	
Ar New Orleans		8:30am	8:30pm	

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